

The word "camouflage" is comparatively new to French. It was not used by our allies until this war. It is derived from "camoufler," which originally meant "smoke puffed in the face of a sleeping person," and afterward came to mean mystification. "Camouflage" is military mystification.

Read Tomorrow's Instalment of the Thrilling Serial "The Hidden Hand," Which Appeturs on This Page

The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

Don't put into the garbage can what should go into the soap bottle. Nothing is so wasteful as to throw away scraps of meat and from vegetables that are usually thrown away. You will be surprised to find what a little bit of this and a little bit of that will make. —Herbert Hoover.

Selfish Unselfishness - - By C. D. BATCHELOR



WHEN the campaign for food conservation first started most had visions of personal sacrifice and appetites unappeased. We have on the contrary awakened to the fact that we can eat less and feel better. Most of us have been eating more than we need.

Simple Menu for the Family

By LORETTA C. LYNCH.

ORDER is heaven's first law," we are told, and yet it is surprising how few homes have really good order. System, order and discipline are essential to success in every undertaking.

More than one housewife who has attempted to reorganize her table for war time has not succeeded because she either does not know or does not bother to apply system, order, and discipline in her home.

Very recently I had occasion to enter a workingman's home at dinner time. The array of various foods was astonishing.

"You're not practicing any war-time economy, are you?" I gently cried. "No," said the "cooked-

How About Your Health Problem

By IRA S. WILE, M. D., Associate Editor American Medicine and Member N. Y. City Board of Education.

CO-OPERATIVE endeavors accomplish the largest results. Groups of persons banded together to advance a common cause have the advantage of combined resources.

You join associations, lodges, fraternities, societies, or unions because of the greater benefits and opportunities they offer.

You find healthful competition, inspiration, stimulation and possibilities of service in organization.

You can further public health by becoming a member of an organization that is working for the improvement of conditions of living, or for the investigation of specific causes militating against health.

Knowing where to find facts is almost as important as having them stored in the pigeonholes of the brain.

Are you acquainted with the names of the main fraternal societies striving for communal health?

The American Association for Labor Legislation is deeply concerned with industrial hygiene, health insurance, hours of labor and occupational accidents and diseases.

The American Association for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality devotes its energies to problems of prenatal care, obstetrical attention, infant welfare, and birth and registration.

The American Public Health Association promotes and fosters every rational plan for the betterment of personal and public health.

The American Social Hygiene Association fights against prostitution and the venereal diseases, and aids in the development of sound sex education.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis is vitally interested in fresh air work, in homes and schools, in

Their Married Life

A STORY OF INTIMATE APPEAL.

Warren Disappoints Helen, and Objecting to Her Plan for the Evening, Leaves Her in Anger

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AM disappointed," Helen said, trying to speak bravely. "I had looked forward to going all day."

"Of course, and so had I," Warren returned, "but I'm sure you can be sensible about it, and if it means the pulling through of this deal, money will be a little more plentiful after Christmas."

"Of course, dear," she said hastily. "I suppose you'll stay at home and read," Warren vouchsafed, as Helen followed him into the bedroom and began to lay out his full-dress suit and to fix his studs and links in a fresh shirt.

"Oh, I don't know! I shall probably go out to the movies, or do something. I don't feel a bit like staying in to-night. You see I had planned to go out, and I haven't been out to-day. Mary and I gave the place a general cleaning."

"I'll warrant you!" Warren snorted. "You have a good, strong maid, and yet you do half the work yourself."

Helen Explains.

"I like to superintend things, Warren. Every woman does who cares at all about her house and the way it is run."

"And if you had to do it, you'd make a pretty good fuss and complain that you were half dead."

Helen did not retort, and Warren went on speaking almost before she would have had a chance to answer if she had wanted to.

"Just the same, I wish you would stay at home and not go gallivanting round the streets, unless you go around to the corner and see the movie show there."

"I've seen the film playing there, and besides, Warren, how foolish you are—just as if I didn't have sense enough to take care of myself."

"That's not the point. Of course you have sense enough; but as I have told you hundreds of times, you're not the independent woman. What Frances Knowles would do, and could do perfectly well in an emergency, you wouldn't think of doing."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because it's perfectly true. If anyone spoke to you, you'd be in a perfect panic in a moment. Don't you suppose people feel these things instinctively? Where Frances would know just what to do, you would be terror-stricken."

"Oh, but Warren," protested Helen, "you don't give me credit for any sense at all! Besides, men don't speak to women in the street if the women go about their business."

"Oh, don't they? Well, you haven't forgotten the unpleasant experience you had that time you were downtown shopping and dropped into a movie show for a while, have you? Weren't you minding your own business then?"

Has Another Plan.

"Of course! but I wasn't thinking of going to a movie show to-night."

"Well, there's no need of arguing about it. You call up Mrs. Stevens and ask her to go to the movies. Try the new place two blocks down."

Helen did not want to go to the movies. If Warren had suggested that she and Mrs. Stevens go to a play, she might have acceded to his request. Warren was to have taken her to the theatre, and although she liked the movies, she felt restless and wanted to do something different. We all feel that way at times.

"I don't feel like going to the movies," she returned. "I'm going over to see Evelyn. Now don't worry about me, Warren. No one is going to try to run off with an old married woman, like me."

But Warren, his anxiety swallowed up by his irritation, was in no mood to argue. Having finished his dressing, he picked up his hat, got into his overcoat and left the house without saying good-bye.

To My Sweetheart Soldier

Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters

SIXTH LETTER.

Dearest—I am going to do as you suggest, and find some little place outside, in the country, where your mother and mine, and old Frank and Mammy and I can live quietly while you are away. I am sure it will be better for all of us, and maybe in a small place I can find greater opportunity to be of service in a neighborhood.

Today I had a letter from the French soldier I have been helping this past year. You remember when I made the first sweater, I tucked a little note into the sleeve with my address, asking the recipient to acknowledge it, and let me know how he fared. I have had several letters from him. This one today is so stone-hearted and cheerful, I will copy it here for you:

"Dear Madam—I was moved to get your exceedingly kind and sympathetic letter. Be sure for yourself and on behalf of my comrades, your good wishes are appreciated more than I can tell you. We out here all know that our fight is for freedom the world over. No words of mine can sufficiently convey to you what a bloody monster our enemy is. We have seen his work in all its inhuman ferocity. But thank God we are beginning to gain upon him now. It has been a long, bitter, heart-breaking job, just to hold our own up to now. Remember, he had years and years of preparation for his devilish work. Our boys are bursting with confidence and the willingness to die. All the allies are determined to crush the Prussian despotism, cruelty, and inhumanity, even though it takes the life of every man and their last cent."

For the Moonlight Maid

By Gertrude Beresford.

NO girl could be a wall flower in this dance frock of orchid glass with, carrying in its waves the exquisite sheen of moonlight. The upper corsage is of flesh colored chiffon cloth, embroidered in opalescent beads, with touches of silver. The novel girde drapery defines the figure in a line approaching the Grecian, and is slashed to fall in a point over a band of opalescent passementerie. The narrow skirt preserves the slender silhouette beneath a cascade of ruffles which forms the overskirt. Bands of brown fur preserve the bias line indicated in the bodice. The shades merging from lavender to pink produce a beautiful color effect under electric light. The sweep of bias lines preserving the perfect symmetry of the figure could have been accomplished only by an artist in dress.



With Half a Chance

By Lilian Lauferty.

GRACE CARMICHAEL had a headache. It seemed to start somewhere in her spine and mount with devilish ingenuity to the crown of her head; then it slid rapidly down her forehead and ended in a smoldering smoky bonfire right back of her eyes.

The click of her typewriter jabbed icy needles into her spine and red hot ones into the most vulnerable and violent portions of the headache.

"If anybody gives me any more dictation today, I'll die—I'll just die!" thought Grace to herself. And then as if fate thought it might be interesting to test the situation, the chief appeared in the doorway of his office and called, "Miss Carmichael, would you mind coming here a minute?"

Grace did mind, most decidedly, but she did not let that prevent her from gathering up notebook and pencil and approaching.

"Miss Harper has to be at the doctor's at 5:30, and I have some letters which will take a couple of extra hours," the chief explained. "Will you take them for me?"

"I will if you need me, of course, Mr. Allen; but I'm afraid I can't do them very well. I have a splitting headache."

Berates Himself.

Mr. Allen's amiability remained unclouded. "Then, of course, I mustn't bother you; I'll get Miss Malloy or Miss Purdy," he said.

Suddenly Grace wished that she had not mentioned the headache. Mr. Allen was perfectly agreeable, perfectly willing to excuse her, and yet she sensed in his manner a vague disappointment in her unreadiness.

On the way out to Long Island City, Grace suffered several other agonies besides those of her aching head.

"You're a big dud," Grace Carmichael, she told herself. "You weren't ready when you got your wobbles and probably you'll never get another. Suppose you had a headache? You could have managed the work somehow. Mr. Allen probably thinks you're the sort of girl who works with her eye on the clock and who whimpers and plays cry-baby the minute she doesn't feel just so. That's no way to get anywhere. You muffle your chances every time."

The next morning Grace came into the office in a tremor of discontent with herself. "Little cry-baby," she kept saying to herself, and all through the day bitter scorn and self-condemnation made her do her work in half-hearted fashion. It was seldom that she was singled out as one of the office force, and so it was seldom that as one of the large force she had had a chance to prove to Mr. Allen directly that she had real interest in the work and real desire to grow.

Grace's discontent made her bitter for several days, and then an idea was born to her.

"Grace Carmichael! Instead of being mad at yourself for flunking your chance the other day, when it came marching up and offered itself to you, why don't you make yourself a few extra chances? Suppose, my girl, we learn a little about this real estate business."

That evening when the rest of the force left, Grace approached

Grace Carmichael, by Taking an Interest in Her Employer's Business, Makes Her Own Chance.

study a little more on her problem. Presently, she was alone in the outer room, looking over her files, making notes, comparing the figures she had jotted down.

The door opened and a shabby, middle-aged woman stepped in almost timidly. "I'd like to see about renting an apartment, miss. My son's going to move to town next week from the West, and he says we can pay \$50 a month for five rooms. I guess that ain't much for New York or a grand office like this, but it seems an awful lot to me."

The old woman who had come timidly into the awe-inspiring office, where her shabby gentility felt to venture, was real daring, had suddenly forgotten self-consciousness. She was talking eagerly and humbly to the girl, who had been in such friendly fashion to offer her help, and who was listening with such sympathy to her problem.

"I don't think we'll have a bit of trouble. I know half a dozen apartments that might be just the thing you'd want," began Grace, eagerly.

And then she looked up and faced the chief. He was standing in the doorway of his own private office, smiling quickly. A tide of self-consciousness swept over the girl. She wasn't a selling agent, she had no right to be talking of rentals, she had, in fact, no business to be going through the files.

"Excuse me just a minute," she said. "I'll be right back."

Grace crossed the floor and spoke to Mr. Allen in low, eager tones. "I know I have no right to—but I'm so anxious for one! Won't you let me go out with her to look at some of the five and six-room sixty-dollar apartments? I'd be so grateful if you'd overlook it this once—my going through the files without permission, I mean."

"Is this a holiday, Miss Carmichael?"

"Oh, yes; but it was such a good chance to study the files that I couldn't resist it. I hope you don't mind or think it was impudent of me."

Made Her Own Chance.

"Mind? Well, if you like to spend your holiday studying the business and renting an apartment for us, I don't see why I should mind."

"You're getting the 5 per cent commission," said Mr. Allen.

"Three dollars extra—just for talking that nice old woman out to look at some apartments! And you won't say a word to Mr. Allen about it? Don't think I've gone over anybody's head or taken liberties?"

"Come back after you've rented the apartment, Miss Carmichael, and tell me what you know about the real estate business. Maybe we need a new renting agent around here."

"You'd give me a chance—?"

Mr. Allen smiled a kindly, understanding smile. "It's a little late to talk about giving you a chance. It looks to me as if you had made it for yourself. Now go back to your wobbles. Miss Carmichael, and tomorrow we'll discuss putting you into the \$15-a-week-and-commission class."

And as she turned away Mr. Allen was confronted with an extra puzzle about his little brown-eyed, ambitious stenographer. Why under the sun had she murmured so fervently, "Heaven bless that head-ache!"